ROBERT the III
King of *Scotland*,
His Anſwer to a Summonds ſent by
HENRY the IV.
Of *England*,
To do Homage for the
CROWN of SCOTLAND.

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ROBERT the III King of *Scotland*, His Anſwer to a Summonds ſent Him by *Henry* the IV of *England*, to do Homage for the Crown of *Scotland*.

DUreing the Reign of the Royal *Robert*,
The ſecond of the good *Stewart*;
Henrie of *England* the feard King
To *Scotland* ſent and ask'd this thing;
To ſpier at *Robert*, Why he not made
Him Homage for his Lands braid,
For why he ought of Heretage,
At *London* to do him Homage;
And that in Right of *Brutus* King,
Who had *England* in Governing.
Why then cauſed he through his Guilt
So meikle ſakleſs Blood be ſpilt.
When King *Robert* wiſe and wight,
Had heard and ſeen this writ be ſight;

There-

Therfor he grew full matalent
To tell his Barrons, of his intent,
He called a Council to *Stirvling* Town
And there came Lords of great renown
And at them all he asked of it
If he ſhould anſwer be his awne wit,
The Lords were all faine of that thing,
And referred it to their Noble King;
So without Council of onie man,
To Dyte and VVrite the King began.
This was the effect of his VVriteing,
All is ſooth and na Lieſing.
" I *Robert* be God's might
King of the *Scots* and *Iſles* be Right,
From hight of Hills to the Ocean *Sea*,
Our Heretage was ever free ;
To thee *Hary of Lancaſter*,
Thy 'Pyſtle I have conſidered well.
Duke of that *Ilk* thou ſhould be cal'd
It was thy righteous Style of auld,
But nae King I will call thee,
For hurting of Kings Majeſtie;
For I will take nae heeding
Of they unrighteous Invading ;
For what was right (as is well knawn)
Ye all defould within your awn :
But we will do you underſtand What

VVhat we declare fornent *Scotland*.
Your inward Tale we have well ſeen,
Baith firſt and laſt what you do mean;
Therefor thou ſhalt an anſwer have,
E'en by my ſelf, at tour the leave;
The firſt point is, God witneſs bear,
No Blood for me be ſpilt in VVeir,
But gif it be in my Defence,
Through thy uſurping Violence.
And whereas that thou VVriteſt thus,
Since born were Sons to Old *Brutus*,
That our Anteceſſours ſhould be,
Servants to Yours in ilk Degree;
Thou Lyeſt, thereof it is well knawn,
VVe was ay free within our awn.
Albeit *John Balioll* made a Band,
Contrar the Right of fair *Scotland*.
That he was falſe we will defend
VVith Lives and Fortunes to the end;
For our Heretage was ever Free,
Since *Scota* of *Ægypt* tuik the Sea,
Whilſt ye have ever Conquered been:
For, a Thouſand pounds of Gold ſchein
To *Julius Cæſar* Payit yee,
Of Tribute, thus ye was not free;
With *Saxons* ſyne ye were orthrawn,

With

With them twa Chiftans of your awn,
And other folks in Company
All Soldiers Born in *Germany*,
Came with ſik power in great haſt
That made your Lands baith bair and waiſt;
And ſlew your Gentles of *Ingland*
At *Salysbury* as I underſtand,
In taken is the Hingand Stanes,
That there were ſet up for the Nanes;
In *Latin* is a Memorial,
That *Saxons* had orſet you all.
Then *Harald*, the Son of *Denmark* King
The third time raiſe o're you to Reign,
And in ilk Houſe, as is well knawn,
You were defould within your awn;
They Occupyed your Maids and Wifes,
In Bondage thus you led your lives.
When this was done and all by paſt,
The fourth Conqueſt aproached faſt;
A Baſtard came out of *Normandy*,
Conqueſt *Ingland* all hailily;
And yet amongſt you Reigns that Blood,
And mikle uther that is nae good:
Gif thou trows not, this true to be
The Regiſter Read and thou ſhalt ſee.
Thus four times thirld and overharld

You're

You're the great refuſe of all the Warld ;
Nor got thou Righteous thy ſelf to Reigne,
Thy awn realm kennes well this thing;
At *London* thou Swair in Parliament,
Ingland ten Year thou ſhould abſent;
Then waſt thou manifeſtly manſworn,
Or ever three Years was out worn
Thou raiſe Treaſonably for to Reigne,
And ſlew *Richard* thy Native King.
Forſooth the Proverb tells of this,
Whilk often times true founden is:
Flyte with thy Nighbour, and he will tell
All the miſcheifs that thee befell.
But *Scotland* yet I dare well ſay
Was ever free unto this day,
Nor never ſtranger weer'd our Crown
Except of late a manſworn lowne,
That was *Langſhanks* call'd *Edward*,
Tuik on him to declare the pairt
Betwеen the *Bruce* and *John Balion*;
Then through your falſe illuſion,
Where that *John Baliol* had no right,
And ſo took Treaſonaly to hauld by ſlight;
Caſtles and Strengths of our Country
Your *Edward* tuik moſt Cheatingly,
While *William Wallace* wight and wiſe

Right

Right worthily reſcued us thrice;
Then Valiant *Bruce* right rackleſly
Firſt tint, ſyne wan us worthyly;
With him was *Graham*, and the *Dowglas*
That proved full well in many a place,
And *Thomas Randolf* wiſe and wight,
There was not then a worthier Knight,
Then thir expelled your falſe Barnage,
And fredd our Realm of all Thirlage.
If you trow us not of this,
Sixty Thouſand you well did miſs
At *Bannokburn* diſcomfiſt was,
And Your falſe King away did paſs
Throw an inborn Traytour as was well ken'd
In *England* free he did him ſend,
Or elſe we then had tane your King
Who had *Ingland* in governing.
When ane Year comen was and gane,
Then *Edward* of *Carnarven*
Diſcomfiſt he was at *Byland*
By Meſſengers I underſtand,
Sir *Walter Stewart* then in hy
He Chaſed him all openly
Twixt *Scarborough* Caſtle he him chaſſ'd,
Syne to his Hoſt returned in haſt;
But then the Clergy of *Ingland*
Renewed again with ſtalwart Hand, At

At *Newtoun* as it was well knawn
Where hastily they were orthrawn
By the good *Dowglass*, sooth to say,
And *Thomas Randolf* Earle of *Murray*,
There Thirty thouland were dung to Dead
Withouten succor or remeid;
Syne after that, *Robert* the *Bruce*
Took hail state, and could reduce
Northumberland all to himsell,
As many Cronicles can tell.
Then ye were fain from Weirs to cease,
And sought by Mariage for a Peace,
Legging our Prince the *Bruce Davie*
On Your Dame *Jean* to play a Pavy.
Ye made this evident, and drew a Band
Under the great Seal of *Ingland*,
Whilk we have plainly for to shaw,
The verity if ye will knaw.
All this is true, I'le testifie
And proveit on Sixty against Sixty,
Or Fortie for Fortie, git You like,
Or Twentie to Twentie of ilk Kinrick,
Or Nine, Aught, Seven, Four, Three, or Two
Born of Antient Blood also,
Or Hand to Hand if You think meet,
And so Sir Duke I do you Greet.

FINIS.